

10-30-1911

Letter from Janet E. Davison, Boston,  
Massachusetts, to Mrs. R. J. Davison, Bath, New  
York, 1911 October 30

Janet E. Davison

Wellesley College Archives

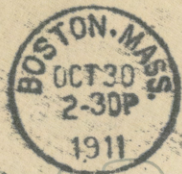
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Mrs. R. J. Davison,  
Bath,  
New York.



Dear Mother, and the rest, - (Mon. A.M.)

Your letter just this moment came & I want to ask you please not to send your coat & if you haven't sent the tan one back please send it on to me for with my sweater it will be plenty warm enough & anyway, eating & walking as I do I'm very warm-blooded. Will you please do this? My laundry hasn't come yet but I'm looking for it every minute & hope it'll get here within the next hour. I am going into Boston with Helen solely for the purpose of lunching with her father. It may be extravagant but I couldn't resist the temptation.

I certainly thank Dad for going to so much trouble & expense all for me. I hope it doesn't come too hard on him. And, much as I hate to say so, I'm getting hard up again.

I was ever so glad to get G's description of Louis's announcement business. It must have been a stunning affair. (Gee, I wish Helen'd stop singing "Seeing Nellie Home").

It's too bad about Dr. Manchester. He called up the other night, & I had an awful time filling awkward pauses. He asked Sarah about what times we have off & I think if we are asked over there it'll be kind of uncomfortable.

About my Geom. - I didn't care particularly except for you people's sakes. I have actually made too fairly decent recitations since I failed & hope to get a bare "pass" mark next time. I don't want you to be sewing all Xmas vacation, so am not going to have anything new. If I should have my crepe de chine I should want it red but let's wait till next summer. Don't work so hard, please. I'll try not to make so many demands, although it'll only be a couple or three weeks till my laundry goes home again. I am sadly in need of a clean shirt & nightgown.

You gave me a handy bunch of news in last Thurs.'s letter. I thank you for the sample of your waist - it's mighty pretty. I sent Clara a postal & wrote Marion a letter because she was sick, & sent a message to Clara to write. So it's up to her & she needn't if she doesn't want to. Bert & Willis keep me quite well posted & that's all & more than have time to answer.

Must stop & get ready to go to Boston, where I hope to call on Miss Potter & 'phone to the Atty to Mr. Osgood. Mrs. Baker hasn't written yet so I'm going home with Helen anyway on Thanksgiving. I wish Mrs. B. 'd ask me to spend some Sun. with her.

Miss Chapman is at the Andover Student Vol. missionary Conference so we're being good on our own hooks. Thurs. night Charlotte Cushman had as big a spread as she'd received a big basket from home. (A basket is a good idea as the handles keep it from being thrown around in any old direction.) There were two cans of potato salad, 2 jars of ginger pear & 1 of strawberry jam, but cookies, spice cookies, a quart can of olives, fudge, black choc. cake, crackers & all the thinks filled tin with already cracked buttermilk. It was some spread. Friday night we studied. Sat. P.M. I worked & right after dinner Ruth Partridge, Helen & I pegged it for the barn where we had to wait 1/2 hr. for the doors to open. It was amateur night & instead of giving a play as they usually do, they gave the funniest vaudeville performance I ever saw.



There was a reader; an "unnatural" dancer;  
Pres. Taft & his family (Pres. made a speech but Mrs. T.  
had a cold & Helen D. had inherited the cold from her  
mother); moving pictures; a perfectly rich take-off  
on Lisa Lihmann & her Eng. quartette & another on  
one of the much-discussed Irish player things.  
I can't begin to describe them so I won't try now  
but will remember it all till Xmas. Yesterday (Sun)  
A.M. I waked up at 5:45 & couldn't go to sleep again,  
so finally got up & wrote in my Botany note book.  
Then we had breakfast & after that I played for the  
hymns. Then worked till church time, went to  
church & listened to another wonderful sermon,  
met Sarah who took dinner with me, as Helen  
was invited over to Wilder. It was Margaret's  
nineteenth birthday & we house-girls had a  
cake with favors in it & 2 doz. pink carnations  
for her. Sarah went home about 3 P.M. & I went to  
work on my "Autobiography" on which I labored  
steadily till 6:45 not even going down for supper.  
I went to musical vespers which were lovely of  
course & came home feeling almost blue. Several  
of the girls felt about the same as I ~~previously~~  
to have the 1<sup>st</sup> really idiotic streak I've had since  
I came. This over I settled down to work on my  
"Auto" & finished it at 10:45 after which I retired.  
Woke at 6:15 this A.M. & finished copying my Auto.  
Then the mail came & I started this & had to stop & get  
dressed for Boston. Just as I was starting a mad  
dash for the station my telescope arrived in  
excellent condition externally & I'm nearly dead  
to find out the contents. But once again, such is life!  
I shall mail this in Boston & you ought to get it to-  
morrow night or maybe P.M. Please don't send  
your coat. Tonight we're all going up to Cazenove to  
a Halloween party & to get initiated. I shall wear  
my <sup>white</sup> dress with the flukes all down the front.  
Will close now. Give my love to all my family  
& friends. Will let you know about the laundry  
& other things.

Lovingly,  
Janet.